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"SO AM I. EVERYBODY WILL SAY THAT YOU BOUGHT ME."

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ONE GRADE—THAT OF STERLING  $\frac{925}{1000}$  FINE;  
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ADDRESS OFFICE OF LIFE, 28 WEST 23d ST.

NEW YORK.

## TO OUR FRIENDS.

LIFE acknowledges with a grateful spirit the receipt of many congratulatory letters and notices anent his tenth birthday and his Jubilee Number. These are written in a kindly spirit, many of them with a distinct enthusiasm, and he thanks you heartily.

Rest assured these cheering words do not fall on barren ground. It is so easy for a satirical journal to make enemies along the way that LIFE feels a doubly deep affection for the staunch friends who, at the end of ten years, forget their differences of opinion and go out of their way to endorse him as a whole.

## THE TRAIN WRECKER.

DREAMS are from Fairyland dispatched,  
And to our minds are brought  
In airy sleeping-cars, attached  
To misty trains of thought.

But mince pie, when 'tis eaten late,  
And if it's very rich,  
Will havoc with those trains create,  
And pile them in the ditch.

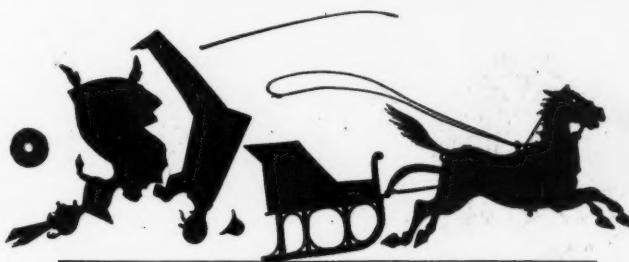
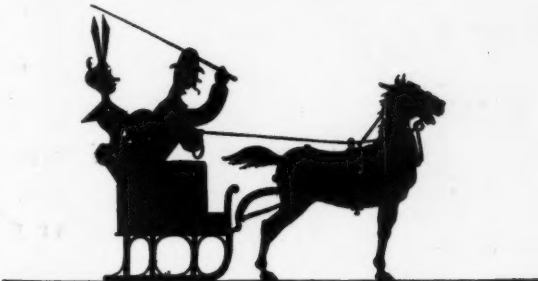
*Nixon Waterman.*

"HELLO, old man; I saw you yesterday going into a restaurant."

SHIPPER: Why didn't you hail me and we would have lunched together?

"I would, old man, but the fact is I was broke."

## ALMOST A SLEIGH RIDE.



"SUSY, I WANT TER TELL YER SUMPIN. I SEE A DOLL IN A WINDER LAS' NIGHT, AN' ITS BEEN A FOLLERIN' ME ALL DAY. I CAN'T GIT IT OUT O' MY HEAD, IT WUZ SO BEAUTIFUL."

PHRENOLOGIST: And this bump here denotes resistance, combativeness, impatience of restraint and forms. SUBJECT: Right you are. A policeman clubbed me there last night.





"While there's Life there's Hope."

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might be well to contemplate what we are doing to establish the dowry scheme on a firm basis. To illustrate it in its full beauties it will be necessary to consider a hypothetical case.



IT will be remembered that the Revolutionary War closed almost a hundred years ago. Even now, however, a number of widows of revolutionary soldiers are drawing pensions from the United States government. The War of the Rebellion closed in 1865. Many of the troops mustered out were lads who had not yet attained their majority. Let us take one of these aged just twenty-one and figure on his possibilities as a pensioner. With judicious care of his physical system and with the expenditure of his pension in securing proper food and shelter, it is

LIFE wonders whether the gentlemen who founded the United States government ever contemplated that their creation should be turned into an Institution for Providing Decrepit Old Men with Marriage Portions. The project of government aid in providing *dots* for poor young girls was once mooted in France but never amounted to much. This function of the United States government has not much to do with the present generation, but as its effects will be strongly felt by our descendants in the next century it

not unlikely that he might live to be ninety years old. This would bring him with his mind still competent to the making of a contract to the year 1934. Being so competent and with the good taste which often characterizes aged men in selecting matrimonial partners, it is not improbable that our pensioner would marry a blushing maid of seventeen. The pensioner would be a desirable *parti* from a financial point of view, and with the increase of prudence among American girls, when it comes to the question of marrying, it is not at all likely that our pensioner would find difficulty in securing a twentieth century maiden of seventeen for a bride. It is a well known fact that women—especially widows—live longer than men. Granting that our pensioner's bride lived to be one hundred years old, our government would be still contributing to her support in the year 2017, A. D.



THE United States Government evidently needs a little infusion of artistic blood. From the æsthetic point of view neither its set of Columbian postage stamps, nor its Columbian souvenir coin are to be highly commended. In both cases the *multum in parvo* principle has been allowed to prevail to the exclusion of possible beauty.

THE public-ball season is upon us. As of yore the giddy portion of Gotham will become French for one evening and German for another for the sake of a little of that freedom from restraint which is rapidly being parkhurstized from New York. If things continue as they are going, even these landmarks will soon disappear and the bad New Yorker who really wants to enjoy himself will have to go to Chicago.



THERE'S no use talking, we do some things in America a great deal better than they are done in Europe. If before starting the Panama Canal enterprise, some of our French friends had associated with them some of the retired members of the Tweed régime, a few active leaders of the present Tammany Hall, some of Boss Shepard's associates, and a few experts from Commissioner Raum's pension office, France would not just now be on the verge of internal dissension.



*He (wealthy, but shy):* YOU THINK SHE WILL ACCEPT HIM! HE HAS NOTHING TO MAKE A GIRL LOVE HIM.  
*She:* TRUE. BUT THEN HE HAS ENOUGH TO MAKE HER MARRY HIM.

## TO LIFE ON HIS TENTH BIRTHDAY.

\* Mr. Julian Hawthorne sent the following lines in response to an invitation to a modest feast at which LIFE, its artists and contributors celebrated the youngster's tenth birthday.

DEAR LIFE, if you're but ten years old,  
O, say, how may it be  
That six-and-forty years have rolled  
Since first I came to Thee?  
Ere you existed, how could I  
Adorn this earthly Sphere?  
He without LIFE to live who'd try  
Must be still-born, 'tis clear.

But if in truth you're only ten,  
And I'm alive, 'twould seem  
I'm but a little boy again,  
And Age is all a dream:  
And all the world with us is young  
And that fair Age of Gold  
Is here, whereof the poets sung,  
If we're but ten years old.

I'd like to think that this is so;  
Yet, if 'tis so, I think  
'Twere wrong to let Delmonico  
Provide our food and drink.  
Ah! never little ten-year boys  
Should birds and bottles swallow;  
To ginger-pop restrict our joys,  
With bread and milk to follow.

I used to wonder why the tribe  
Of seers and poets of old  
In such conflicting terms describe  
Your virtues manifold.  
They call you long, and short, and cheap,  
And dear, and low, and high,  
A thing to laugh at, and to weep,  
Despise, prize, welcome, fly.

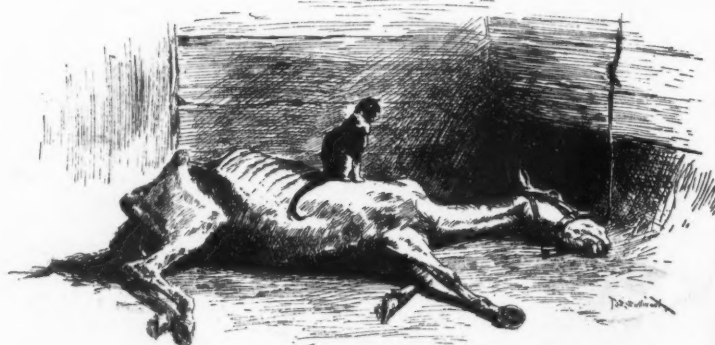
But now the mystery is solved:  
Those men of olden days  
From inner consciousness evolved  
Their notions of your traits.  
They never could have really known  
What qualities you hold,  
Since they long since were dead and gone,  
Ere LIFE was ten years old.

Then let us sing, Long live the King  
Of all the Witty Papers!  
Each blessed Thursday may he bring  
His quips, conceits, and capers;  
Indeed, why should he ever end  
His royal reign of laughter?  
I doubt not Providence will send  
Immortal LIFE hereafter!

And Hail! unto the Captains bold  
Who man LIFE's jolly bark;  
May they the utmost joys behold  
Of this terrestrial lark!  
Up anchor! Hoist the sails! Away!  
Grip fast the trusty tiller!  
Good voyage, good grog, and plenteous pay  
To M-tch-ll, M-tc-lf-, M-ll-r!

[If we followed the dictates of our modesty we should omit the names in the last verse, but as we could not do this without destroying Mr. Hawthorne's rhyme we have chosen the alternative of disguising them beyond recognition.]

## A SOLILOQUY.



THE CAT: Alas, poor Bonesie—I knew him: a fellow of infinite zest, of most excellent endurance. He hath dragged his stage ten thousand trips. Here hung that harness that hath broke I know not how oft! Where be your sighs now? your gambols? your whinnies? your balkings that were wont to set the stage load in a roar?



## THE POEMS OF WILLIAM WINTER.

MR. WILLIAM WINTER has for many years written verses which have been inspired by the love of Beauty and the love of Friends. It is doubtful whether there is any better inspiration for lyrical poetry than these emotions. Age only intensifies them; for an old friend is the best friend of all, and a friend who dies receives in one's memory immortal youth. And the love of beauty is given by increasing years a certain pathetic interest; the pursuit has been so long and arduous, but has led into so many pleasant by-ways that one hardly regrets the escape of the elusive butterfly at last. Old men everywhere give up the chase with words like Stevenson's on their smiling lips:

"Where hath fleeting Beauty led?  
To the doorway of the dead.  
Life is over, life was gay—  
We have come the primrose way."

\* \* \*

WITH the hope that he may make "an authentic contribution to that ancient body of English lyrical poetry of which gentleness is the soul and simplicity the garment" Mr. Winter has made a selection from the poems which he has written during more than thirty years, and because "their existence seems frail and their fate dubious" he has called them "Wanderers" (Macmillan). For him the love of beauty and of friends is practically a single



passion—for his friends are to him the embodiment of beauty in their art. Most of them are dramatic artists, but it is the literary side of that art which appeals to him through great actors. Those who have read his dramatic criticisms for so many years will recall that it is the poetic and imaginative quality in an actor which wins his praise; the mere machinery of the play receives little attention from him. The poems in the volumes addressed to actors emphasize this bent of his mind. He always idealizes them as friends on their ideal side as actors.

\* \* \*

**A**s a lyric poet Mr. Winter shows touches of the influence of Tom Moore and Keats, with a dash of Poe. He has that "love of lovely words" (often with little care for their exact meaning) which makes melodious verses, though seldom great poems. A

TA-RA-RA



DE-AY!

fine rhythm carries him far afield in his wanderings and he often misses entirely his destination. But at any rate there has been plenty of gentle music by the way.

He has the poet's eye for color and form in nature—though often it is the eye of another poet and not his own. The flowers which appeal to him have been loved by generations of poets, and he sees them because they have been set in many verses before. (Is there any reason why poetry should not have traditional "properties" and "business" like the stage?)

After nature, the things which Mr. Winter most loves are a dinner or a funeral with one of his friends as chief actor. Either of the occasions will produce a lyric. When he likes a man he likes him with all his heart, and nobody is

apt to find fault with such lyrics, either as honored guest or lamented corpse. No doubt there are fine actors who would linger in purgatory till Winter had released them with an elegy. *Droch.*

#### NEW BOOKS.

*IN THE SERVICE OF RACHEL, LADY RUSSEL.* By Emma Marshall. New York: Macmillan and Company.

*In Gold and Silver.* By George H. Ellwanger. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*Scenes in Fairyland.* By Canon Atkinson. London: Macmillan and Company.

*A Book of Day-dreams.* By Charles Leonard Moore. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

#### A DEADLY AFFAIR.

"HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT DR. BOLUS? HE HAS CHALLENGED DR. HOKUS TO A DUEL."

"HAS HE? AND WHAT WEAPONS HAS HOKUS NAMED?"

"PRESCRIPTIONS."





THE SONS OF  
J. CHASE





THE SINS OF NEW YORK.

MR. CHASE-LYON'S.



## OVERHEARD BY PROF. GARNER.

*Gorilla (to neighbor across the way):* HEY! BILLY! LOOK WHAT JUMPED ON ME JUST NOW! MUST HAVE THOUGHT I WAS NOTHING BUT A MAN.

## THE UNIVERSAL FEELING.

“ALL the world's a stage”—how very  
Much like actors people are!  
Every supernumerary  
Thinks he ought to be a star.

## LIFE'S EXAMINATION PAPERS.

## I. FOR CANDIDATES FOR ADMISSION TO NEW YORK SOCIETY.

1. What was your grandfather's occupation?
2. Give the titles of your immediate ancestors.
3. Were you ever suspected of doing anything useful?
4. Are you quite sure you have a proper contempt for the relative who amassed the fortune you are now spending?
5. What peculiarity of speech do you affect?
6. Can you talk for an hour and say nothing?
7. Which do you consider the greater man, George Washington or Ward McAllister?
8. Give the names and addresses of the society reporters of all the New York newspapers.
9. Would you rather be in New York society or Heaven? State reasons.
10. If the Prince of Wales kicked you, would you smile and thank him?
11. Which do you regard as the superior watering-place, Newport or Coney Island?
12. Would you cheerfully cut your best friend if you met him in evening dress before six P. M.?
13. Do you consider it dishonorable to cheat a tailor?
14. Do you object to making a jackass of yourself in public, if other society people do the same thing?

15. What is the most contemptible thing you would be willing to do to secure an invitation to some exclusive entertainment?

16. Have you any conscientious scruples against flirting with another man's wife?

17. (a) Did you ever read a book? (b) Can you write your own name?

18. If reduced to poverty would you sponge or work?

## A SMITTEN CONSCIENCE.

DR. FOURTHLY: I believe my sermon on sincerity, this morning, sank deep into some hearts and did good.

PARISHIONER: Yes; as Foley and his wife went home, he explained to people on the street car that his wife's hair and teeth were false.

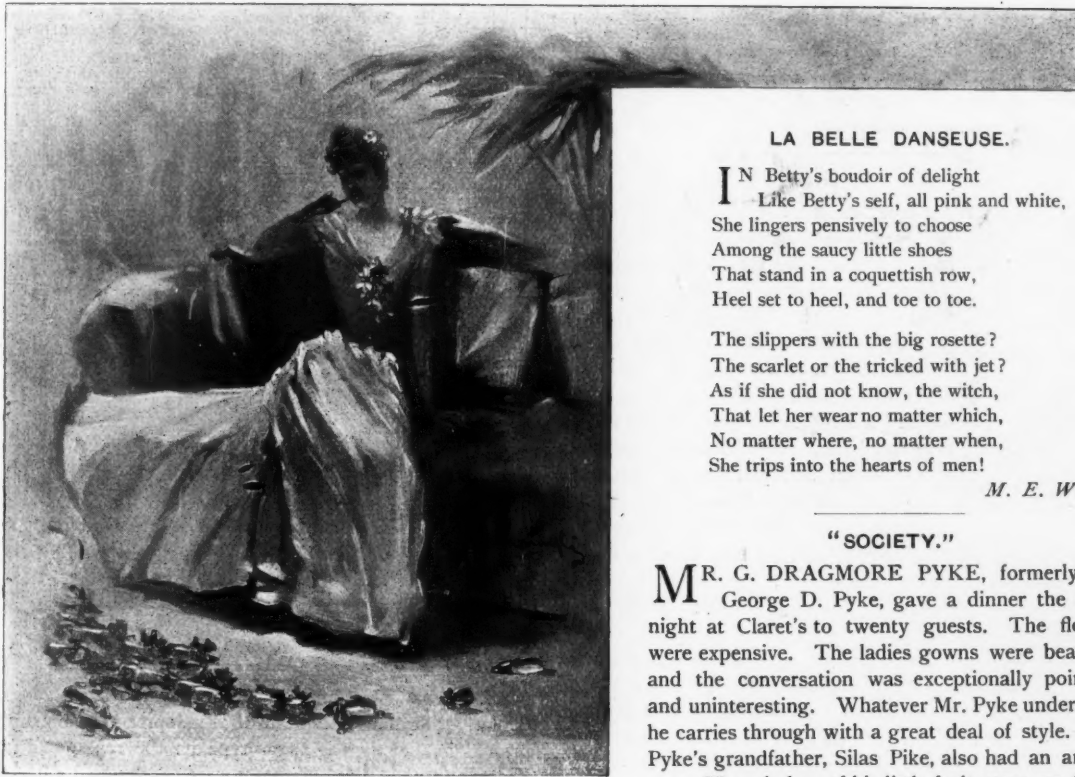
O'ROURKE: Phwat sort av a felly is thot Giuseppe?  
MCPHINN: Oh, a rale dacint sort for a furriner.



*Maiden (whispering):* IS THAT YOU, GEORGE?

*Serenader (who has been blowing love music for the last half hour):* AH! AT LAST, MY DARLING, 'TIS YOU! YES; 'TIS YOUR OWN GEORGE.

*Maiden (still whispering):* WELL, GEORGE, WON'T YOU GO AWAY? CHARLIE BONDS IS IN HERE AND IS ABOUT TO PROPOSE, AND I'M AFRAID YOUR MUSIC DISCONCERTS HIM.



LA BELLE DANSEUSE.

**I**N Betty's boudoir of delight  
Like Betty's self, all pink and white,  
She lingers pensively to choose  
Among the saucy little shoes  
That stand in a coquettish row,  
Heel set to heel, and toe to toe.

The slippers with the big rosette?  
The scarlet or the tricked with jet?  
As if she did not know, the witch,  
That let her wear no matter which,  
No matter where, no matter when,  
She trips into the hearts of men!

M. E. W.

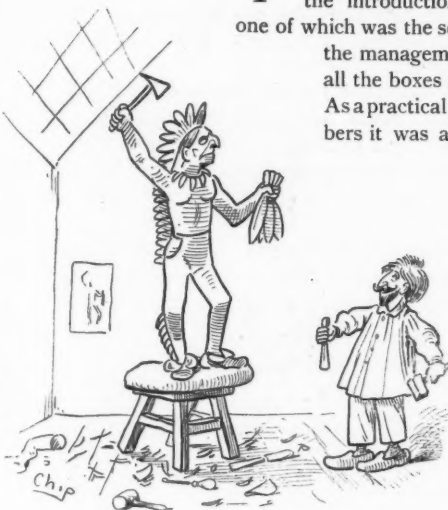
"SOCIETY."

**M**R. G. DRAGMORE PYKE, formerly Mr. George D. Pyke, gave a dinner the other night at Claret's to twenty guests. The flowers were expensive. The ladies gowns were beautiful and the conversation was exceptionally pointless and uninteresting. Whatever Mr. Pyke undertakes he carries through with a great deal of style. Mr. Pyke's grandfather, Silas Pike, also had an artistic eye. The window of his little fruit store on Canal Street some forty years ago was always attractively arranged.

SOMETHING FRESH.

**T**HE Vaudeville Club began its career by the introduction of some novelties, one of which was the securing in advance, by the management and its friends, of all the boxes for the opening night. As a practical joke on the other members it was an unqualified success,

and the victims realized it as they sat wherever they could find places on the floor of the hall. The management undoubtedly realizes the value of discipline, and if, at the outset, it can accustom the members of the club to being satisfied with the leavings, an important revolution in club life will be accomplished.



AN INDIAN MADE.

**M**RS. HARRY DAIVYDSON'S little dance for her daughter Gushie, on Friday evening, at the Daivydson residence in Howling square, was a very bright occasion.

**I**T is not considered the correct thing in New York fashionable society for gentlemen to keep their hats on at dinner.

**M**R. S. BOTTLENECK CUPSEY has come into possession of a bull pup from whom he expects great things at the next dog show.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

**B**INGO: Had quite an accident on my train to-day. I was just going to take out those sandwiches you put up for me when, crash! we struck another train.

MRS. BINGO (anxiously): Was any one injured?

BINGO: No. But those sandwiches were telescoped.

**"I** DIDN'T see anything funny in the story that fellow just told. What made you laugh so over it?"

"Do you know who he is?"

"No. Who is he?"

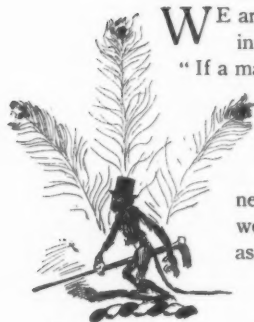
"He's the head of our firm."



## FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

HURRAH, hurrah, for Women's Rights  
That, from a race of stocking-menders,  
A sex has risen which now delights  
In coats, boiled shirts and men's suspenders.

## HATS AND REFORM.



WE are sorry to see the following statement in our esteemed contemporary, *Vogue*:  
"If a man can afford the time to be away from his office, or if he has no employment, if there, he should follow the prevailing English fashion, the invariable rule of the London man of leisure. He ought never to be seen on the afternoon stroll, wearing a derby, or what is vulgarly known as a 'pot' hat. The Avenue is our Row, our Bois; and you would never see such headgear in either of these charming lounging places, except it appeared on the head of the Cockney 'Arry, or was tilted over the beetling brows of a blue blouse voyer.

"The rule for the man of leisure is simple; 'A silk hat is the only possibility after mid-day.'"

This is hard news for a great many citizens, otherwise estimable, who prefer a derby to a high hat. For them the only gentlemanly course is to avoid the fashionable avenues in the afternoon. Until such misguided citizens are ready to adopt London ideas with more alacrity they have two courses open to them. One is to take the elevated directly to their homes, there don their beavers and appear, if they desire, on the avenue. The other alternative, and this is the one we earnestly recommend to those who enjoy a walk as they return from business, is to confine themselves to Fourth or Sixth avenues. Sixth avenue is somewhat noisy, to be sure, owing to the elevated railroad, and is, naturally, not as desirable a promenade as certain others, but all who respect the proprieties of life, and of London life particularly, will see the necessity of subordinating themselves. They may not have much fun, but they will secure the exercise.

We trust our contemporary will take a firm stand in this matter. Of course there may be obstacles in the way of a too sudden enforcement of such a rule; but the only way is to keep at it and let its readers see how un-English it is to persist in wearing a certain style of hat simply because they prefer it.

## QUEER ETHICS.

NEVER print a paid advertisement as news matter. Let every advertisement appear as an advertisement—no sailing under false colors.—*Charles A. Dana's Address to the Wisconsin Editorial Association, Milwaukee, July 24, 1888.*

Any one who saw the New York *Sun* of Sunday week must be thoroughly impressed with Mr. Charles A. Dana's probity as a Professor of the Ethics of Journalism. The *Sun's* readers have been accustomed to find on its first page, beginning with the first column, an able *resumé* of European



*Suburban Policeman:* I HAVE GOT TO THE END OF MY BEAT AND CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER WITH YOU. YOUR FRIEND'S HOUSE IS ABOUT A MILE FROM HERE TO THE RIGHT. YOU GO THROUGH SLAUGHTER ALLEY AND DEAD MAN'S LANE TO GET THERE, AND I'D ADVISE YOU TO PUT ONE OF YOUR CARDS IN YOUR HAT, IN CASE YOUR BODY IS FOUND MUTILATED SO THAT IT'S UNRECOGNIZABLE.

news. In the issue mentioned this was replaced by a particularly alarming account of the spread of pneumonia, printed in exactly the same type as the real news in the paper, and winding up with a recommendation to buy some nostrum for the cure of coughs and colds. At the end of the article were the letters "adv." which, to those who are acquainted with the newspaper business, mean that the article was a paid advertisement. To most of the *Sun's* readers they meant nothing, and with them the advertisement had all the air of truth which the paper can give to any editorial statements of opinion or fact.

The advertiser was well paid for his investment. It's doubtful whether the *Sun* was well paid for the advertisement, no matter how much money it received from the advertiser. So far as the *Sun's* readers were concerned it was a paltry swindle, possible only by reason of confidence in the *Sun's* honesty.

It settles one thing, though, for good and all—Mr. Dana's status in the newspaper profession as an apostle of professional integrity. But, perhaps he doesn't care much about that.

## IT LOOKED SUSPICIOUS.

"CHARLIE HARDUPPE had a check to-day, but they would not cash it at the bank. They claimed they did not know him."

"Didn't he have anything with which he could identify himself?"

"He had two or three bills made out in his name."

"Wouldn't the teller accept those as identification?"

"No. They were receipted."



OLD CHUMS MEET.

**D**R. L.: Changed colors, eh? Five years ago you were old school; now your silver plate tells me you are a homeopathist.

**DR. D.:** Couldn't do violence to my conscience any longer; I killed too many people. Now I am thankful I have found a better way.

**DR. L.:** Of killing people?



A STRIKING BRUNETTE.



MALIGNANT DYSPEPSIA.

**M. D.:** THIS IS QUEER. HAVE YOU TAKEN ANYTHING THAT DISAGREED WITH YOU?  
**The Patient:** NOTHING BUT YOUR ADVICE OF YESTERDAY.



NOTHING SIMPLER.



THE man who most deserves a monument does not need it. If you want to live long, don't try to live more than one day at a time. When a lazy man looks toward heaven, the angels close the windows. Job had boils to be sure, but then he didn't have any newspaper portrait. A hint to churches—ice is never allowed to stay long in front of a saloon. The fact that a man wants more knowledge is proof that he has some already. When you want to see the crooked made straight, look at a railroad map. There ought to be more religious people who are religious when things don't go right. There is nothing for which men have to pay so dear as for the privilege of being stingy. There are plenty of people who become very pious when God gets them in a tight place. Men will skin one another alive in trade who would starve rather than go into house-breaking as a business. It won't help your own crop any to look over the fence and count the weeds in your neighbor's garden. Whenever a bird goes to fly, it looks up, but some men shut their eyes whenever they take an important step. The moment a man finds out he has been making a fool of himself he has learned something valuable.—*Ram's Horn*.

A HARLEM lady recently employed a colored boy as a man of all work whose name was Lycurgus Jones.

"Lycurgus is a rather long name," she said to him; "suppose I call you Gus for short?"

"Ise don't likes nicknames," he replied; "'f you don't like Lycurgus you kin call me Jonesey."

She calls him Lycurgus.—*N. Y. Sun*.

TEACHER: Tommy, what constitutes the difference between a village and a city?  
TOMMY: One's in the East and the other's out West.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

## PEARY PRESSED THE BUTTON.

The Wonderful Series of Kodak Photos Which He Made Among Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Lieut. Peary's expedition to the Arctic regions was a remarkable success from more than one standpoint, but the brave explorer fairly outdid himself as a photographer. He not only heeded the advice, "Take a Kodak with you," but went further and took three. Peary started northward with twenty-three rolls of film, and so vigorously did he "press the button" that he secured 2,000 first-class negatives. The *New York Sun* in speaking of them says:

"The fact that over 2,000 of the negatives have produced photographs of superior excellence speaks highly for the good quality of his instrument. \* \* \* It is certain that the pictorial results of no previous Arctic expedition compare with those Peary has achieved. \* \* \* Ethnologists will be particularly pleased with Peary's large series of photographs of nude subjects. They are so clear and definite in all details that in many cases even every marking in the palms of the hands may be distinctly traced."

Lieut. Peary is very enthusiastic over his success and is already planning a Kodak outfit for his next trip. In a letter to Mr. W. P. Buchanan, of Philadelphia, dated Dec. 16th, he says:

"My large percentage of successes (nearly if not quite 90 per cent.) cannot be ascribed to special ability on my part, as I had never used a Kodak previous to this trip, and knew nothing of practical photography."

"It is a simple statement of fact that my pictures were 'all taken with a Kodak' and it is but justice to say that I regard the Kodak as responsible for my having obtained a series of pictures of Arctic life and surroundings which in quality and quantity exceed any that have been brought back from Greenland and the Smith Sound region."



Ladies' Round Hats and Bonnets And The Dunlap Silk Umbrella.  
178 & 180 Fifth Avenue, bet. 22d & 23d Sts. and 181 Broadway, near Cortlandt St.  
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Palmer House, Chicago. 914 Chestnut St., Phila.  
Agencies in all Principal Cities.  
Gold Medal Awarded, Paris Exposition, 1889.

The Emma Willard Ribbon Leader.  
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Saves Time, Trouble and Temper.

Leads Ribbon or Tape of any width through Hem or Lace without twisting.

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A CERTAIN young lady, religiously inclined, applied for a class in a Sunday-school a few weeks ago and the superintendent promptly placed her in charge of that doubtful honor, the infant class. The new teacher went on pretty well until she ventured on this ice known as "general questioning."

"Now, children," she said, with that extremely vivacious manner which is popularly supposed to fascinate young children, "what did Moses do?"

The infant minds worked on the problem for a few moments in silence.

"Come, dears," said the young teacher, encouragingly, "some one tell me what Moses did."

A very small boy on the fidgety back row seemed to be struggling with a reply.

"What is it, Willie?" urged the teacher, encouragingly.

"His thumb weighed a pound."

"What?" asked the astonished teacher.

"My mamma says so."

"Says what, Willie?" demanded the perplexed teacher, while the class stopped fidgeting and listened intently.

"She says every time Moses puts his thumb on the scales it weighs a pound."

"Who is Moses, Willie?"

"He's our butcher, mith."—*Epworth Herald*.

THAT must have required considerable preliminary practice," said the tenderfoot, as Blizard Bill shot the ashes from the cigar his partner was smoking at a distance of forty feet.

"Practice," said William. "I should twitter. I guess I spiled more'n two dozen Chinamen learnin' that there trick."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A MAN of sixty, who had long made a practice of changing his doctors on the slightest provocation, not long ago called in a young physician who had gained a considerable reputation. He was telling this doctor what he thought was the trouble with him, when the doctor ventured to disagree with his diagnosis. "I beg your pardon," said the patient, in a haughty way, "it isn't for a young physician like you to disagree with an old and experienced invalid like me!" And he went out to seek another physician.—*Argonaut*.



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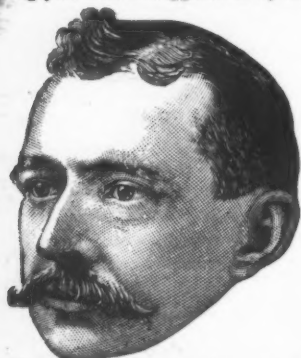
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